

PS
064
6H4
92
COPY 2

TRIOLETS

Heartbeats
of Hawaii



Charles Eugene Banks



Class PS1064

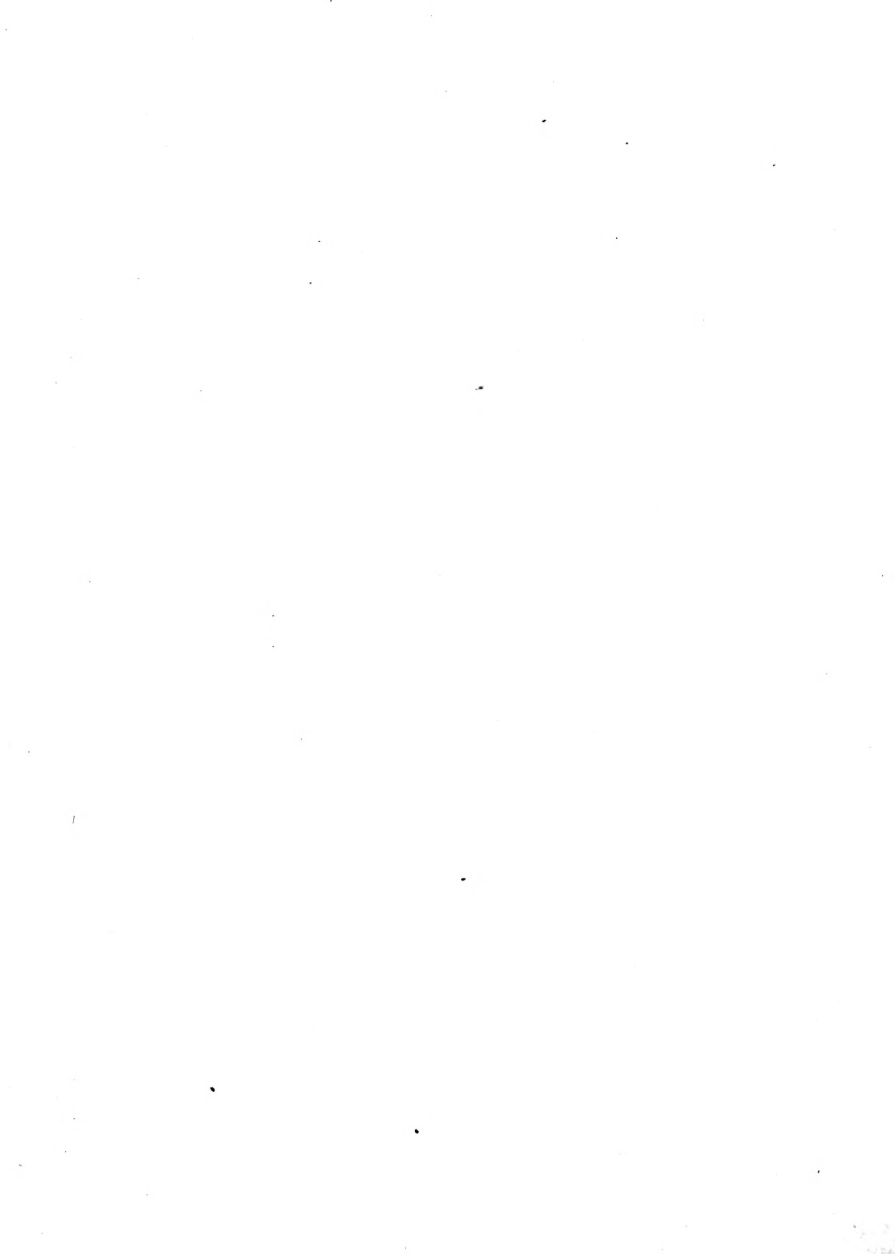
Book B5H4

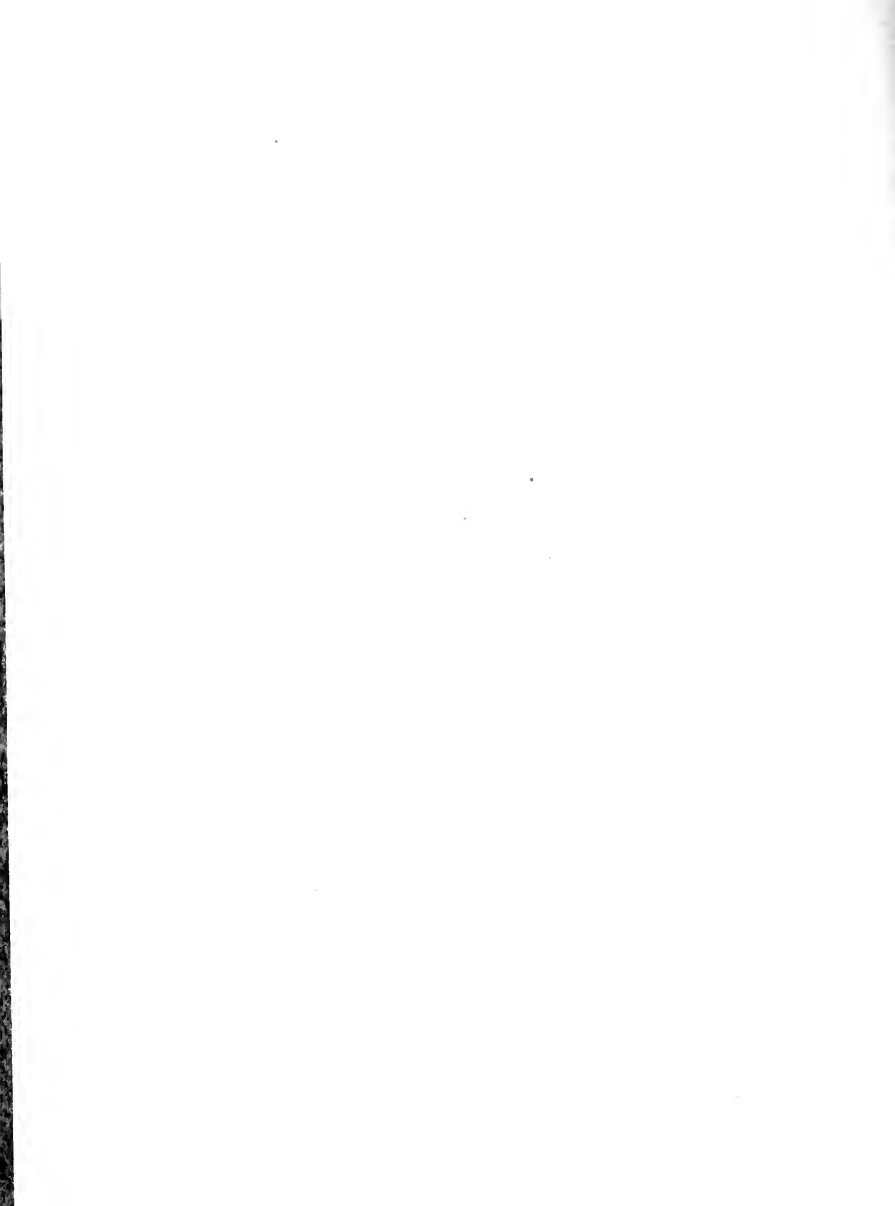
Copyright N^o 1921
copy 2

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

The cover of
wall paper m
Co., Ltd., fr
from the can
formerly mar

tion, conceived the idea of making this paper
and covering the young sprouts of cane with
it for protection from the weeds. It has now
been adopted by pineapple companies as well.
Thousands of miles of this paper cover rows
of young growing cane on the Olaa plantation.





HEARTBEATS OF HAWAII

By
CHARLES EUGENE BANKS

Author of
"A Child of the Sun"
"By Two and Two," etc.

Published by
Hawaii Post-Herald, Limited
Hilo, Hawaii

copy 21

PS1064
B5H4
1921
copy 2

RECEIVED FROM
COPYRIGHT OFFICE
MAY 23/22

NOV -4 1921

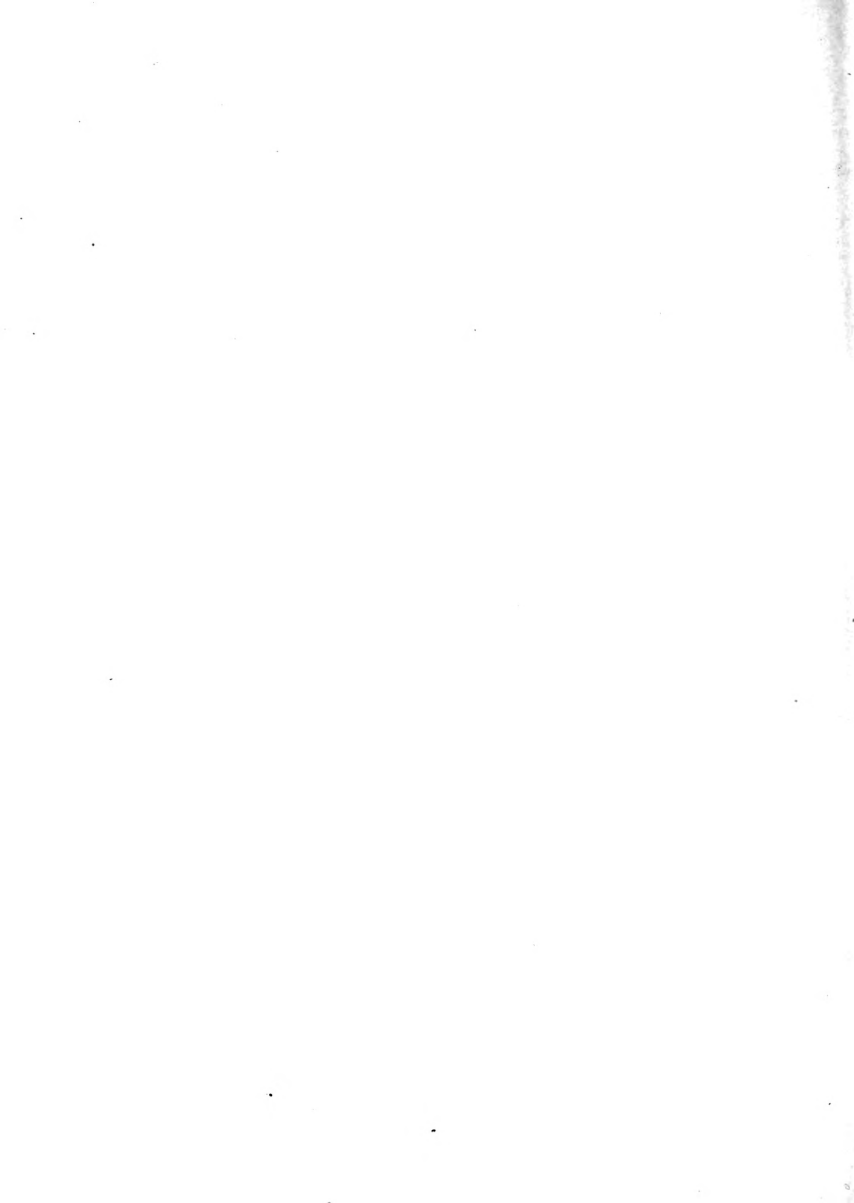
may 24-23
5:11
E

EAST AND WEST

Amid the rich exotic blooms

*Of Fair Hawaii's verdant shores,
Above the land of ancient tombs,
Floats free the flag our heart adores,
And dark and fair through Hilo streets*

*Our people cosmopolitan,
In many tongues, with concord greets
The day of higher thought for man.
Ho, ye whose fears the future fret,
Behold, the East and West have met!*



FRANCOIS VILLON'S ART

He who would write a triolet

Must Francois Villon's art renew,
Must catch a fairy in his net,

He who would write a triolet
Must after Master Villon set

In cobweb mesh a drop of dew.
He who would write a triolet
Must Francois Villon's art renew.

TRIOLET

Life is itself a triolet,
 Affection smiles on either side;
On nothing is the vision set,
Life is itself a triolet,
We think this thought the one, and yet
There comes another thought to fret,
 To question, trouble and divide.
Life is itself a triolet
 Affection smiles on either side.

CALLING

A brigantine lies in the bay,
 Calling me: "Come out; come over!"
Be strong my heart to say her nay—
A brigantine lies in the bay,
Her sails are up, the breezes play,
 And over yonder is my lover.
A brigantine lies in the bay,
 Calling me: "Come out; come over!"

JUST FOR YOU

When the song sparrow utters his song in the night

To you, for you, just you;

I say is it fair, is it true, is it right

When the song sparrow utters his song in the night

That you should go prattling it out to the light?

Is not absolute silence you cue

When the song sparrow utters his song in the night

To you, for you, just you?

MARGUERITE

I wait to meet my Marguerite,
 A dainty lass is she;
As soft as apple blossoms beat
Upon the sward her fairy feet
Will come along the garden street
 To bring my love to me.
I wait to meet my Marguerite,
 A blithesome lass is she.

VOICES OF EVENTIDE

I love the wind, I love the sea,
 I love the cool, green palm;
God's voiceful messengers to me,
 I love the wind, I love the sea,
With them my soul goes far and free—
 I love them storm and calm.
I love the wind, I love the sea,
 I love the cool, green palm.

ALOHA

Give Hawaii but a touch of tenderness,
 You will get a song of rapture every time ;
You'll unlose a melody with each caress,
 Give Hawaii but a touch of tenderness
And a thousand happy heartbeats, more or less,
 Will arise to set a measure for your rhyme.
Give Hawaii but a touch of tenderness
 You will get a song of rapture every time.

AN HAWAIIAN MAIDEN

A crimson hibiscus she wore in her hair,

Glossy and black as a raven's wing,

Dainty and graceful and debonaire,

A crimson hibiscus she wore in her hair,

And out of the depths of her eyes a dare—

Maile the maid of Hawaii I sing.

A crimson hibiscus she wore in her hair,

Glossy and black as a raven's wing.

THE TENNIS COURT

By leafy trees 'twas well shut in,
 The tennis court
A kiss—you cannot call it sin—
By leafy trees 'twas well shut in,
Was it my heart he tried to win,
 Or was't in sport?
By leafy trees 'twas well shut in,
 The tennis court.

JEANETTE

As light as thistledown she danced,

But not so light her heart.

Ah, had that meeting never chanced—

As light as thistledown she danced,

Where music rang and jewels glanced,

And laughed and played her part—

As light as thistledown she danced,

But not so light her heart.

SEA SONG

In the land of the cocoa palms

On the shore of the foam-flecked sea,

With my little brown maid in my arms

In the land of the cocoa palms,

Far away from the harsh world's harms

There are songs and enow for me,

In the land of the cocoa palms

On the shore of the foam-flecked sea.

IN PASSING

Two girls I saw in cosy nook,

 The light of laughter in their eyes.

Soft babbling, like a merry brook,

Two girls I saw in cosy nook,

'Twas but in passing, just a look,

 Yet youth came back 'neath happy skies.

Two girls I saw in cosy nook,

 The light of laughter in their eyes.

THE NOTE DISCORDANT

Hawaii! Hawaii! how lovely you would be

 If mynah birds would only cease their chatter.

Your waving palms, your tender skies, your ever singing
 sea,

Hawaii! Hawaii! how lovely you would be

With fragrant blooms the whole year round in every
 bush and tree—

 I can't tell half without I seem to flatter—

Hawaii! Hawaii! how lovely you would be

 If mynah birds would only cease to chatter.

BEWARE

If ever the ship that sails away

Shall call to your heart, beware!

You may answer the call; but alas the day,

If ever the ship that sails away

Shall carry you out, for you will not stay,

Or die out of longing there.

If ever the ship that sails away

Shall call to you heart, beware!

WAITING

Somewhere out yonder comes over the deep

A ship with a letter for me.

Here by the surf my lone vigil I keep,

Somewhere out yonder comes over the deep—

I wonder old world how it is you can sleep

When such great things are to be!

Somewhere out yonder comes over the deep

A ship with a letter for me.

MAKAI OR MAUKA

Makai or mauka, she or thee,
 I'm slave to both your wills.
One on the heights, one by the sea,
Makai or mauka, she or thee,
Free as the wave, as sunshine free,
 Ho to the sea—or hills—
Makai or mauka, she or thee,
 I'm slave to both your wills.

WATER NYMPHS

The nymphs have flown the world, you say,

And Pan is dead.

Behold in nooks of Hilo Bay—

The nymphs have flown the world, you say?

There bright as sunbeams see them play,

As stars o'er head!

The nymphs have flown the world, you say,

And Pan is dead.

TWO BUDS

Two buds peep at me as I pass,
 So sweet and fair they be—
I wonder who's the fairer lass,—
Two buds peep at me as I pass
And Time turns back his hour glass
 And I am ten, not sixty-three.
Two buds peep at me as I pass,
 So sweet and fair they be!

GYPSY WISDOM

My palm a tented gypsy read,

Demure, sly-smiling elf.

"I see you are in love," she said.

My palm a tented gypsy read—

"Tell me with whom. Which one?" I plead.

She whispered back: "Yourself!"

My palm a tented gypsy read,

Demure, sly-smiling elf.

TOWARD THE DAWN

A presence fills the air today

That speaks of morning, mild and blue,
And toward the dawn my steps would stray—

A presence fills the air today

Yet here my longing footsteps stay

Though there my dreams would all come true.

A presence fills the air today

That speaks of morning, mild and blue.

HAWAIIAN DIVERS

Figures of bronze they poise, they rise,
 Curve, flash and plunge into the sea;
Swift pictures made for artist eyes,
Figures of bronze, they poise, they rise,
A moment flash against the skies,
 Like gods of perfect symmetry;
Figures of bronze they poise, they rise,
 Curve, flash and plunge into the sea.

MISS-TAKEN

She thought she knew her heart,
 And laughed at wooing,
Till Cupid shot his dart
She thought she knew her heart,
But one swift arrow's smart
 Was her undoing.
She little knows her heart
 Who laughs at wooing.

AN INTERLUDE

Like Psyche dreaming o'er the keys,

Such harmony was in her pose,

No master melody could please

Like Psyche, dreaming o'er the keys,

No singing of the Pleiades,

Nor whispered music of the rose,

Like Psyche dreaming o'er the keys,

Such harmony was in her pose.

AT THE BALL GAME

The winged ball straight found its way

To nestle at her feet.

Far o'er the crowd who watched the play

The winged ball straight found its way

To where I long my heart to lay

Before her, fair and sweet.

The winged ball straight found its way

To nestle at her feet.

A SCOTCH LASSIE

Amidst the trained exotic blooms

She stood a simple flower ;

Appealing as the Scottish brooms,

Amidst the trained exotic blooms

Where pride and fashion filled the rooms,

And haughty ruled the hour—

Amid the trained exotic blooms

She stood a simple flower.

A MODERN KNIGHT

He heard blind Cupid's bugle call

And armed himself with bow and spear,
So debonaire and straight and tall

He heard blind Cupid's bugle call
And hurried forth to win or fall,

(For war is far and war is near),
He heard blind Cupid's bugle call
And armed himself with bow and spear.

AT THE BANQUET

When eyes of blue—such roguish eyes,
Are 'cross the table glancing
Beneath dark lashes—who so wise,
When eyes of blue—such roguish eyes,
Demurely fall, demurely rise,
To still the pulses dancing,
When eyes of blue—such roguish eyes,
Are 'cross the table glancing?

RIVALS

What though the girl you love be fair

With eyes of heavenly blue!

My love is dark with raven hair,

What though the girl you love be fair,

You think none like her anywhere?—

Ah, if my love you knew!

What though the girl you love be fair

With eyes of heavenly blue.

NIGHT AND THE STARS

Night and the stars! Alone I walk

 The green surf-laced Hawaiian shore,

And yet, mayhap, old warriors stalk

Night and the stars. Alone I walk,

Unless with lovers whose low talk

 Thrilled here in those free days of yore,

Night and the stars! Alone I walk

 The green surf-laced Hawaiian shore.

THE POET

A poet in a dreamy wood

I met hard by the moonlit sea ;

Like one entranced he prayerful stood,

A poet in the dreamy wood

Chanting this rhythm: "All is good

And flows into the heart of me!"

A poet in a dreamy wood

I met hard by the moonlit sea.

KAZUKA

Her name Kazuka, smiling there,

Dark, softly dimpled, neat;

Could I refuse a lass so fair,

Her name Kazuka, smiling there?

I stooped to touch her raven hair,

This miss of five, so sweet,

Her name Kazuka, smiling there,

Dark, softly dimpled, neat.

PEACE

Where Mauna Loa swells and falls,
 Another ocean in the sky,
The Mystery Eternal calls;
Where Mauna Loa swells and falls
Is peace serene that so enthralls
 My soul, 'tis there I long to fly
Where Mauna Loa swells and falls,
 Another ocean in the sky.

DRAMA

Crush life like the grape,
 Comes drama like wine;
Dream figures take shape,
Crush life like the grape,
While the ignorant gape
 Lips kiss and eyes shine.
Crush life like the grape,
 Comes drama like wine.

A BUSY MAN

A busy man I met today,
A red rose in his hand.
He stopped for just a bit to say,
The busy man I met today,
“This posie has a sweet bouquet,
But I am hurried and—”
A busy man I met today,
A red rose in his hand.

MAUKA

My heart is mauka with the birds,
All singing in the trees;
I wrestle here with foolish words—
My heart is mauka with the birds,
A boy again with flocks and herds,
In clover to my knees—
My heart is mauka with the birds,
All singing in the trees.

A FAIRY SCENE

Stand on the Wailuku bridge,
Look mauka to the falls;
The moon above the distant ridge,
Stand on the Wailuku bridge,
You see sprite, fairy, goblin, midge,
And Pan melodious calls.
Stand on the Wailuku bridge,
Look mauka to the falls.

EXPECTANCY

From out a palm tree's sombre shade

I steal in my canoe,

Beyond the cliff will come a maid

From out a palm tree's sombre shade,

A red hibiscus in her braid—

If she be false or true —

From out a palm tree's sombre shade

I steal in my canoe.

CHEER

My brain was weary, I was sick at heart,

I ope'd the door, a fragrant lei was there!

Some one, I said would bid me do my part;

My brain was weary, I was sick at heart,

But from the air Alohas seemed to start

While from my shoulders fell a load of care.

My brain was weary, I was sick at heart,

I ope'd the door, a fragrant lei was there!

THE SHIPS AT SEA

The sea is cruel, yet it brings the ships

On which our loved ones come

With words of tender greeting on their lips—

The sea is cruel, yet it brings the ships—

Or will it wreck?—God! how the question grips

The heart until both heart and brain are numb.

The sea is cruel, yet it brings the ships

On which our loved ones come.

THE HAWAIIAN OARSMAN

"My lover is an oarsman dark
As ebony, with eyes of fire,"
She warbled blithely as a lark,
"My lover is an oarsman dark,
A prince he speeds his slender bark
As speeds he to my heart's desire!
My lover is an oarsman dark
As ebony, with eyes of fire."

THE MYSTERY

He sang the light in woman's eyes,
While fell upon his scroll a tear;
He was not great, nor strong, nor wise—
He sang the light in woman's eyes,
Like stars that glorify the skies
When May has come and bloom is here.
He sang the light in woman's eyes
While fell upon his scroll a tear.

THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD

Little brown baby with eyes like the night,

Cuddle thee close to my heart.

Out where the surf in the moonlight gleams white,

Little brown baby with eyes like the night,

Daddy toils for us; he'll come with the light,

So must we evermore part.

Little brown baby with eyes like the night,

Cuddle thee close to my heart.

HER FAN

The languorous, indolent wave of her fan,
Love-wrought in the odorous East;
The rose-wine music of Hafiz that ran
Through the garden of Shiraz—deny it who can,
Came back through the delicate ivory-tan,
A drowsy, ambrosial feast.
The languorous, indolent wave of her fan,
Love-wrought in the odorous East.

I NEED YOU NOT

I need you not, ye stars on high,

My stars are in her eyes.

While in her loving arms I lie

I need you not, ye stars on high,

She holds the heaven for which I sigh,

Her love alone I prize.

I need you not, ye stars on high,

My stars are in her eyes.

A BRAVE MAN

A brave man fights for what is right,
No matter what the odds.

If he be black or red or white,

A brave man fights for what is right,
And if his heart be clean and light,

He needs no other gods—

A brave man fights for what is right,
No matter what the odds.

BIRD SONG

Father love, mother love, heart of all things—

Warble your song, sweet bird!

High in the heaven thy cozy nest swings,

Soon will thy birdlings be trying their wings—

Seeking or waiting His mystery brings

Sometime and somewhere the Word.

Father love, mother love, heart of all things,

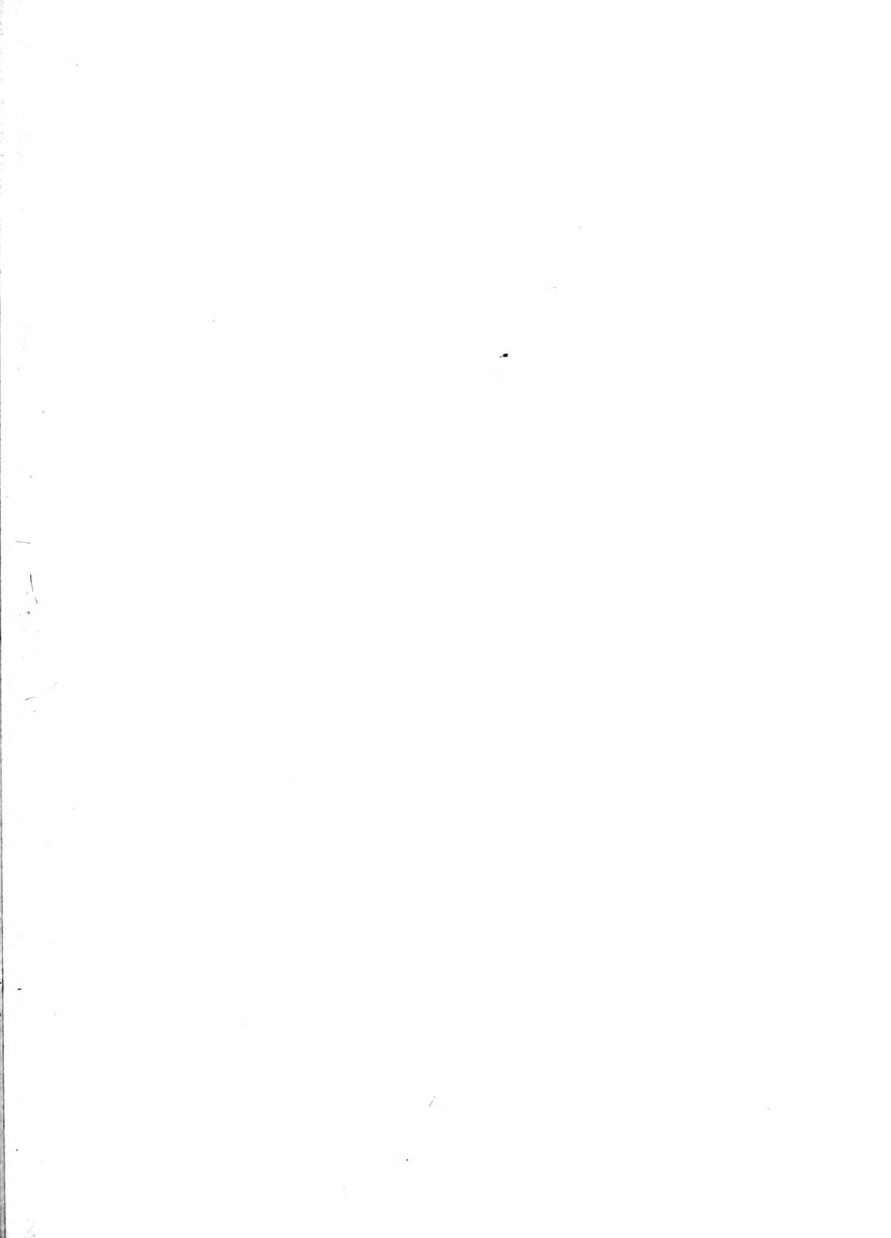
Warble your song, sweet bird.

MY BELOVED

He gives the ever-moving sea,
And all the stars reflected there;
He gives the dainty fingered breeze
That gives the ever-moving seas
The ripples and the curves of these
That make my ocean home so fair.
He gives the ever-moving seas
And all the stars reflected there.

Aloha







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 449 5